

Cursed Wolf Chapter 9 - Tips

Tearing himself from his mate was the hardest thing Rex had ever done. The massive alpha wolf's entire body tensed against the agonizing pain of not claiming her that instant.

The man inside him, as still and as distant as he was, knew that the agreement he and the others had made with Patrick Doolittle was ironclad. If any of them were introduced to a fated mate while in wolf form, Patrick was to ensure they behaved. That meant not crossing any lines of familiarity with a woman when they first met.

The animal's rage was irrational and untamed. It didn't matter that the distant voice of the man inside him tried to soothe this anger and admonish his need.

The wolf was a wild animal. A beast. A beast who was stronger than the man had ever been or ever would be. He had the run of their body and mind for longer than the man had been alive. Rex was a wolf without a name. The dominant alpha of a powerful wolf pack.

As much as he hated the Snow Queen, she had given them a long life that had only made them stronger and wiser. He was by far the strongest wolf he'd ever seen. The king of the forest in a land of grizzly and polar bears.

He would have his mate.

"She's a human and you are a wolf," the man said, sending him images of that truth.

The wolf snarled and howled mournfully into the dark wood. The last of the winter snow was still freezing the loamy ground.

The animals of the forest hushed at his arrival inside the shade of the fur trees. He was the apex predator anywhere he went. He slowed, lolling his tongue to taste the scent of prey on the air.

Rex sensed small game in the brush, rabbits and squirrels. His fangs begged to slice into a hide and taste blood on this tongue. He heard the scuffling footfalls of his brothers, racing toward him through the field and into the cover of the forest.

They gathered around him, jostling for position. Rex let out a low rumble and the pack assembled. He panted, scenting a buck.

The simmering rage inside him focused into a pinprick. His mind ran wild with thoughts of blood.

As one, the pack bolted into the wood, hot on the buck's trail. The pounding of his hooves and the rustling of bushes gave away its position in an instant.

The pack was in hot pursuit. Larger than any natural wolves, they had an unfair advantage. One of them alone could have taken down the small island deer.

But Rex wasn't here to play with his food. He was here to hunt and to kill. He tore out ahead of his brothers. The prey's wild heart beat like a drum through the forest. The scent of its fear was thick on his tongue.

He lunged, teeth bared, and clamped down on the deer's back leg. Its bones were fragile in his jaws. He yanked back and cracked the animal's leg.

It fell as he came to a stop, and his brothers hurried in around him. The animal bled with pain as Rex dropped its leg and prowled around to its head. Blood pooled on a patch of dirty snow.

The alpha wolf growled and gripped the deer's neck, breaking it and sending it to an eternal sleep. Blood ran over his tongue, and he ripped at the animal's flesh.

"Not our finest moment," the man said, deep inside the animal's mind.

He had to eat. He had to sate his rage. If he could not have his female on his cock and his fangs in her throat, he would settle for a fresh kill.

"It's a good thing it's me who will be alone with her."

But the wolf would always be there. The wolf was eternal. And even when his mate's sweet blood made him whole again, the wolf would still run the show for everyone.

The man remained quiet in the depths of his mind. The alpha wolf ate. He lapped up the blood of his kill. He rolled in the scent of death.

He would have his mate. One way or another.